

# MCGILL DAILY

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by nigel gibson

## Kierans urges fight U.S. policies

Speaking at a panel discussion on Canadian-U.S. economic relationships, McGill Economics professor, and former Cabinet Minister Eric Kierans last night recommended that the Government react strongly to what he termed "the aggressive, discriminatory, protectionist policies of the Nixon Administration."

Kierans told a capacity audience at the Saidye Bronfman Centre, "It is about time that Canadians stopped turning the other cheek, and playing the hurt little boy."

Pointing out that "we have been hurt and hurt badly where we can least afford to be hurt — in the manufacturing industries", Kierans advised Canadians to be prepared for "a long and sad winter of unemployment."

He cautioned Canadians to expect a long period of U.S. protectionism and act accordingly.

"Because the U.S. has priced itself out of the world markets, even if it does manage to beat the rest of the world to its knees and solve its temporary economic problems, I feel that it will still need to be permanently protectionist from now on," said Kierans.

Kierans sounded as indignant as any former head of the Canadian and Montreal Stock Exchanges should be when he pointed out the contradictions of a policy, that while emanating from "the home of capitalism and free enterprise," provides for tax-free subsidiaries within the U.S. and for no profits to be remitted to shareholders.

Kierans rejected the arguments of those who would solve the problem by closer ties to the U.S., saying that in such an association Canadians would be little more than "hewers of wood and drawers of water."

Instead he stated that Canada's number one priority should be change from a resource-exporting nation to a manufacturing industrial one.

Other members of the panel also had strong words on the U.S. economic measures.

André Reynaud, the new Chairman of the Economic Council of Canada, declared, "Nixon's package deal is excessive, inconsistent and arbitrary."

Reynaud said that the measures "break the rules of the game and as such are unacceptable." He did concede however that there was very little Canada could do about it right now.

by marsha fine

## Senate ponders CRUG report

The University Senate yesterday discussed the second interim report of the Committee to Maintain a Continuing Review of University Government (CRUG).

Two of the Committee's proposals were discussed intensively. They recommended an increase in student representation and the formation of the office of ombudsman.

The student senators presented a motion to postpone any decision on the two recom-

mendations in order to give the Student Council and student body a chance to examine them more closely. Voting on those issues will take place within a few weeks.

If the proposals are passed, student representation will be structured along Faculty lines, with the chairman of the Students' Council as an ex-officio member, two students each from the Faculties of Arts and of Science, one each from the Faculties of Agriculture, Education, Engineering, Medicine, Management, and Law, two Senators from the Post-graduate Student Society, and one student to alternate annually between the Faculty of Music and the Faculty of Science.

Student representation will then be increased from eight to fifteen seats.

It is further proposed that senators currently with a voice but no vote, become voting members.

The once controversial question of Senate organization along bicameral or unicameral lines was brought up by D. V. Bates, Physiology Department Chairman and head of CRUG. He recommended that the university continue to be bicameral — that is, decision-making powers be divided between the financially-oriented Board of Governors and the academically-inclined Senate.

If the university is run unilaterally, the Board must work as one body with the Senate. Bates considers this impractical.

All decisions made by the Senate will have to await final authorization by the Board of Governors.

### DAILY STAFF

There will be an important meeting of all staffers today at 4 pm in the Daily offices. Please attend.



daily photo by jean-michel joffe

FORMER LIBERAL CABINET MINISTER and visiting lecturer Eric Kierans yesterday urged Canadians to resist U.S. protectionist policies.



CLICK  
CLICK  
CESGU  
KACHUNK

CESGU HAS ARRIVED AT MCGILL IN THE PERSON OF MYSELF, ROGER HOUTON, AND GENIUS ASSISTANT, ELROY.

COMITE DELABORATION D'UN SYSTEME D'INFORMATION DE GESTION UNIVERSITAIRE. CHUKCHUK (COMMITTEE TO DEVELOP A UNIVERSITY

INFORMATION SYSTEM) KACHUNK DING!

DING?

WOW!

FIRST OFF! CONDUCT SYSTEMS ANALYSIS!

KIKATICA TICATICA TICATI CATICA TICATI CATICA TICATICA RIGHT. P-P-P-P-DING! SAY AH.

AH?

CESGU WILL CUT THE WORK OF ADMINISTRATORS ALL OVER THE PROVINCE IN HALF!

TINK TANK

HAH. OH. EEHEE. COHOO.

ADMINISTRATORS? WORK?

ELROY IS GETTING HIS PH.D. IN CREATIVE ABNORMALITY, BUT... WAIT, WAIT, I THINK HE'S GOT HIS ANALYSIS OF THE SYSTEM.

SCRIBBLE SCRIBBLE AUMMA AUMMA

SCRITCH SCRITCH

ANALYSIS OF THE SYSTEM?

THE MEANS OF PRODUCTION AND OF EXCHANGE, ON WHOSE FOUNDATION THE BOURGEOISIE BUILT ITSELF UP, WERE GENERATED IN THE FEUDAL SOCIETY AT A CERTAIN STAGE IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF THESE MEANS OF PRODUCTION AND OF EXCHANGE, THE CONDITIONS UNDER WHICH FEUDAL SOCIETY PRODUCED AND EXCHANGED THE ORGANIZATION OF AGRICULTURE AND MANUFACTURING INDUSTRY, IN ONE WORD, THE FEUDAL RELATIONS OF PROPERTY BECAME NO LONGER COMPATIBLE WITH THE ALREADY DEVELOPED PRODUCTIVE FORCES...

WHAT CAN YOU GIVE ME IN A FIVE-YEAR PLAN FOR THE COLLECTIVIZATION OF DATA?

WELL? WHADDAM SAY?

Chaz

9-23

**455 SHERBROOKE ST. W. (corner Durocher) 849-6019**



## MCGILL DAILY

The *McGill Daily* is published five times a week by the Students' Society of McGill University, 3480 McTavish Street, Montreal 112. Editorial opinions expressed in these pages are not necessarily the official opinions of the Students' Society.

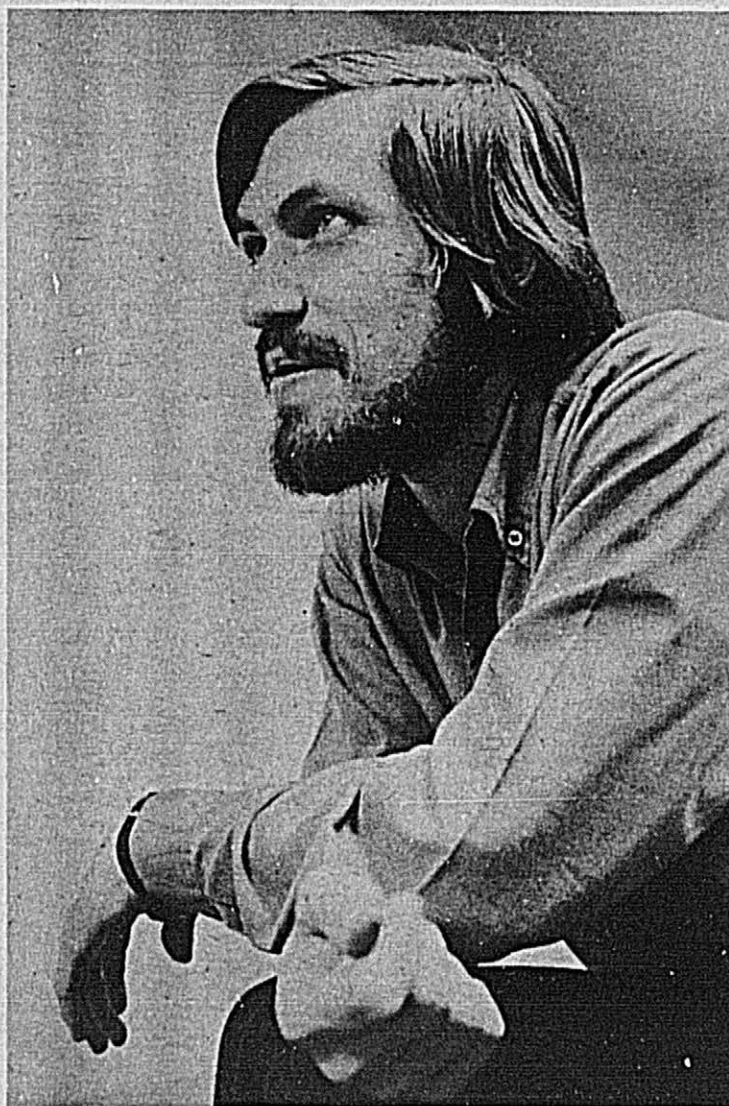
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by arnold bennett

## U de M workers vote to strike



daily photo by jean-michel joffe

**ROBERT LACHANCE**, president of the Université de Montréal local of the Canadian Union of Public Employees, has called for a strike of the university's employees.

The administrative wheels will grind to a halt at the Université de Montréal if one thousand workers go on strike next Friday.

Ninety-one per cent of the office workers, secretaries, lab technicians and service employees voted in favor of a strike Wednesday night. There have been four spontaneous walkouts in the past two weeks.

Contract negotiations between the university and Local 1244 of the Canadian Union of Public Employees have been under way since April 7 of this year. The union was accredited January 26, and will become a full affiliate of the Quebec Federation of Labour after it signs its first collective agreement.

Until then it does not have to pay dues to the QFL, although the organization will back it in the event of a strike.

The main reason for the strike is the university's refusal to make a salary offer. Jobs at the U de M pay up to \$2500 less than equivalent positions at Laval University.

The U de M also does not want to give paid maternity leave, even though workers at the Université de Québec à Montréal (UQUAM) get eight weeks' leave at two-thirds pay.

Under new Quebec unemployment insurance legislation, all workers taking maternity leave will be paid two-thirds salary for up to 15 weeks after the first two weeks off the job.

Local 1244 wants the university to pay two-thirds salary for the first two weeks left uncovered by the government, as well as for up to 21 days after

the 15 week leave if the worker is too sick to return to her job.

The union is also asking the university to pay the full 20 weeks' leave for those workers not covered by unemployment insurance.

The U de M is offering no change in vacation pay, which at the moment stands at two weeks after one year. The union is demanding a one-month vacation.

Another key issue is job security, which the university is offering only to employees who have worked for at least 18 months. Local 1244 wants at least the same conditions for its members as most other public service employees have; that is, job security after six months.

Finally, the U de M is offering a three-year contract while the union wants the collective agreement to be renegotiated after one year.

Union president Robert Lachance says there is a

possibility that the university may give in before the strike begins.

If the workers do go on strike, he warns, "Rien ne va marcher." Only essential services, such as the care of laboratory animals, will be maintained.

A strike by U de M library workers in 1966 lasted six weeks, but it took place in the summer and affected only one area of the university.

On the other hand, a strike by office staff at UQUAM in April, just before final examinations, lasted only five days before the administration gave in.

And in October 1970, Laval University handed out an additional two million dollars in salaries after a series of partial walkouts by office workers.

Unionization of workers at the U de M is a relatively new phenomenon. Maintenance employees only formed a union in 1969 and other unions are even younger.

At Laval, however, unionization dates back to 1946, and was firmly established by the early 1960's.

If Local 1244 goes on strike, other unionized workers at the U de M will not cross the picket lines. However, they are prevented by their contracts from striking in sympathy.

The Syndicat des Professeurs de l'Université de Montréal has already agreed to support the strike, but the conservative Association des Professeurs de l'Université de Montréal has not taken any position yet.

Spokesmen for several university student groups have offered their support, but the groups still have to meet to decide what action to take. Meanwhile, Local 1244 is organizing meetings and circulating leaflets and posters to rally students to its cause.

The 91 per cent vote attests that the workers are solidly behind their union. And the walkouts indicate that after six months of negotiations, a good number of them are ready for direct action.

## facts with a view to action

Many tasks go into producing the *McGill Daily*: reporting, research, feature writing and layout.

Critical newspapers make demands on ability and intelligence. We have room for a lot of people. See us this Friday.

## mcgill daily recruitment

FRIDAY SEPT. 24  
UNIVERSITY CENTRE ROOM 327  
7:00 PM



# Hoechst thinks ahead



## Moving with the Times

This year Canadian Hoechst marks its eighteenth year of growth in Canada by moving into new custom-built Montreal headquarters. The Canadian expansion has been closely linked to the worldwide development of Hoechst, which is now among the world's top five chemical companies, with worldwide sales that last year totalled approximately 3.5 billion dollars.

In Canada, sales have almost doubled in the past three years. The new St. Laurent head office and warehouse buildings will provide space for a 100% increase in the company's head office staff, and have been designed for expansion to accommodate increased Canadian production.

## Research: Window to the Future

Today's research creates the products of tomorrow. One-third of Hoechst's current sales come from products which did not exist 10 years ago. And with worldwide sales approximating close to 3.5 billion dollars last year, Hoechst spent close to 100 million in pure research, and on laboratory buildings and equipment. The results of this investment decide Hoechst's position in future markets, including Canada.

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Products and ideas from Hoechst have touched and improved the quality of people's lives in every area around the world, in a hundred countries on six continents. As an affiliate of the worldwide Hoechst organization, Canadian Hoechst has a full century of research and achievement to draw upon. In Canada, Hoechst is an autonomous company employing Canadians to serve Canadian needs.

This new building is just one of the more visible indications of Canadian Hoechst Limited's continuing investment in Canada.

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WITH AN

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Leacock 219  
1-2 P.M.  
Friday, Sept. 24

Panel  
Discussion:

DR. J. R. UNWIN, A.M.I.  
MRS. SHARI SHAW, M.C.H.  
MISS LINDA SAVORY  
Pl. St. Charles  
MISS CYNTHIA TAYLOR  
Community McGill

Role of  
the student  
volunteer  
in the  
community

## Mini-Market

These ads may be placed in the advertising office at the University Centre from 10 am to 4 pm. Ads received by noon appear the following day. Rates: 3 consecutive insertions — \$3.00 maximum 20 words. 15 cents per extra word.

### FOR SALE

**LAB COATS ON SALE** now in room 129 McIntyre Building. Men's & ladies' sizes. Open 8:30 AM to 4:30 PM.

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**ROOM AND BOARD**, Canadian or Indian food, call between 4 and 6 PM weekdays. 3495 Hutchison St.

**FOR RENT: BACHELOR APARTMENT**, Molson & Belanger. Furnished, heated, water tax paid — \$70.00 monthly. Tel. 665-7598.

**AYLMER 3556**. Near McGill. Rooms with fridge, stove, sink, linen supplied — \$16 - \$18 weekly. Phone 849-4887.

### MISCELLANEOUS

**MEN'S JUDO:** begins 5:30-7:30 Monday Sept. 27, BWF room. Beginners start Oct. 4. For info call Gary Blake 845-8610.

**TEACHER:** part-time bookkeeping instructor morning classes: Call 844-8888 1-4 P.M.

**ACCUMULATIONS AND COLLECTIONS** of old comic books wanted. High prices paid for old marvel & D.C. comics. Call Bob 482-1984.

**MOC:** Open meeting Sept. 28, 7:30 P.M., PSCA, NFB films, election of vice president and equipment manager, refreshments.

**FREE SPEECH THERAPY** available for any desiring students or faculty. Call Miss Steinberg at the Royal Vic Hospital 842-1251 local 220.

**ESTABLISHED AUTHOR** offers exciting, creative writing lessons. Small groups, informal atmosphere. Aptitude test given. For further information call 482-7330 9 A.M. to noon.

**TO GIVE AWAY!** Six adorable kittens. Eight weeks old. Litter trained. Choice of gray, white, black with white paws. 1-264-2366.

**CLASSICAL GUITAR LESSONS** for beginners. For details phone 484-1487.

**MODERN DANCE WORKSHOP**—Wednesday evenings. 6870 Terrebonne, NDG, Technique and creative dance. Call Angle Frank 688-3479.

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### LOST

**LOST: BROWN LEATHER SHOULDER BAG.** Please return glasses and I.D. cards to Union Information desk. Iris Stober 489-6517.

**STEEL-RIMMED GLASSES**, prescription. Please return to Union Information desk. Margo Ouint 481-9343.



# the Lower Canada Review of Arts and Politics

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1971

Part One

## Empire State Justice

by R. Stroud II

*The Soledad Brothers and the death of George Jackson focussed international attention on American judicial and penal institutions.*

*A week later the tragedy at Attica occurred in New York, supposedly one of the most progressive states in the field of penology.*

*Earlier this year prisoners' rebellions in the "Tombs" (Manhattan House of Detention for Men) and other New York City jails brought to light the conditions that prisoners are forced to live within these institutions.*

*The following is a first hand account of being and becoming a prisoner in New York State. — editor's note*

You have to be sixteen to be incarcerated in the "Tombs," go before a high and mighty Justice of the New York State Supreme Court (mostly felony raps) and possibly spend some time in the state pen. Having met the legal and illegal requirements, I was whisked down to police headquarters on Broome Street for a few quick mug shots and brought to a holding tank to await my appearance before the judge. The judge set bail, which for most poor people means jail, and the Tombs (among whose graduates include Gregory Corso) became my home for the duration of the trial. After I appeared before the Judge I was brought to a reception cell to await transfer to a permanent cell.

The reception cell was about 12 x 8 with one toilet and no paper and when I arrived it contained about thirty people.

An old, drunk wino was puking on the floor and everybody and after reaching the toilet couldn't even hit the bowl. It was here I saw the legendary Department of Corrections guard Humpty Dumpty in action. This slob, is about 220 lbs, bald, with a nose like a hawk, and mean. Strolling by the cell he informed us of how much he dug us and if we would give him the opportunity he would prove it. (Most prison guards are ex-cops who couldn't cut it on the force or rejects who never made it.) A young PR kid politely asked him for the time. "Time, what time — you might be doing time, you little cock sucker," he replied. The kid told him to go to Hell and immediately Humpty and several other guards took him out of the cell and around a corner and beat him for about five minutes. After the kid was washed up, he was brought back to the cell with a possible fractured jaw and several loose teeth. Years later I read an item in the NY Daily News saying that Humpty had been stopped on his way to work and thrown up against a wall. It took a long time for the doctors to get Humpty back together again.

Four hours later I was given a cell on the sixth floor. Two weeks later some guards came to my cell and told me they were transferring me to the eighth floor. I was brought back down to the reception cells again to wait for awhile until they found space on eight.

While in the reception cell, the idea occurred to me that I had been here before. Yes it was the same cell I was in two weeks ago . . . the puke was still on the floor and had formed a hard crust around the bowl.

The Hall of Justice in Manhattan —

which includes the Tombs — is a monstrous edifice built in the 30s and located about two blocks south of Canal St. on Centre St. Walking into the building you see such slogans as 'Law without justice is tyranny' and 'All for one and one for all' designed to reassure you of your fate—but the ominous thick-windowed edifice of the Tombs gives you a chilling feeling.

### "law without justice is tyranny"

Built to hold around nine hundred inmates it usually has no less than two thousand. Each floor contains two double-tier cell blocks painted institutional green and — just like in the movies — the cell block doors are controlled electrically. Each cell is about six by eight and a sink and toilet that sometimes clogs up. To get a plumber (all of whom I was told work twenty four hours a day) you have to wait at least two days. If you're lucky you get only one cell mate and not two (These figures refer to humans, not water bugs and cockroaches) — so you don't have to take turns sleeping on the floor. Neither the mattresses nor the blankets are ever cleaned — for a long time you have to live with the accumulated stench of all the previous prisoners. After a while, though, you don't notice the stench. All you smell is your own stink. You only get a shower once a week. Personal items such as, soap, books, toothpaste and cigarettes (to which the guards liberally help themselves) are brought in by friends and relatives.

Days in the Tombs all start at 7:00 AM with a huge gong. Everybody gets up and stands by the cell door for a body count. One day the junkie who was doing cold turkey for three days didn't make the

morning check. He was carried out on a stretcher covered by a blanket.

About five minutes after the morning count the gong sounds again, and the cell doors open, and everyone lines up for chow. Day in, day out you know what to expect, a bowl of lukewarm, nauseating porridge (recommended by the Department of Health as being very nutritional. So much so that it is served in city hospitals. Well back to the prison issue. The other thing is a whole trip in itself), two slices of fresh bread (sometimes) and a container of milk or orange juice. After, ugh, breakfast, it's back to the cell for two hours of sleep and the rest of the morning is spent playing cards around the cellblock tables or watching TV. Lunchtime comes around at 12 and the fare alternates between baloney and salami sandwiches. The rest of the day is spent doing the same monotonous things and climaxes with a big letdown at suppertime when you see you're being served macaroni and cheese for the fourth time in the week. The meat you get at suppertime is highly inedible depending on whether or not you like greasy spoon type cuisine. The only activities that break the monotony are your courtroom appearances, visits to the clinic, visits from your lawyer or parole officer and the sometimes weekly exercise stroll on the roof for a little sunshine and NY air. The roof area many years ago was not surrounded by bars until some prisoners decided to escape the hard way. After about 2 1/2 months my trial was coming to a close and I realized I would be leaving the Tombs for places far away in upstate NY.

Going to court in NY is like trying to see the Montreal Canadiens at the Forum — standing room only. While going through another trial years later (fortun-

ately being able to make bail), I observed the scene from the outside and the behavior of the people in it. As the defendant's charges are read out by the court officer, everybody listens attentively, and, if they are heavy enough, the audience responds with a few oohs! and ahs! and sometimes applause. Once while in court some guy was led out to the bench by the court officers and the clerk proceeded to read the charges which took about two minutes. Someone in the court yelled out, "Wow talk about getting the book thrown at you" and suggested they make things easy on themselves and just charge him with the whole penal code. After the judge restored order, the lawyer representing the defendant asked the court to grant bail. Everyone in the room exploded in laughter including the judge. Application denied.

### sunshine and New York air

At your court appearance you go up before judges like John Murtagh of Panther 21 fame (kiss your ass goodbye). Or you can get someone like Mitchell D. Sweitzer — a racketeer testifying before the House Committee on Crime just recently paid tribute to Mitch's judicial ability describing him as "the best judge that money can buy".

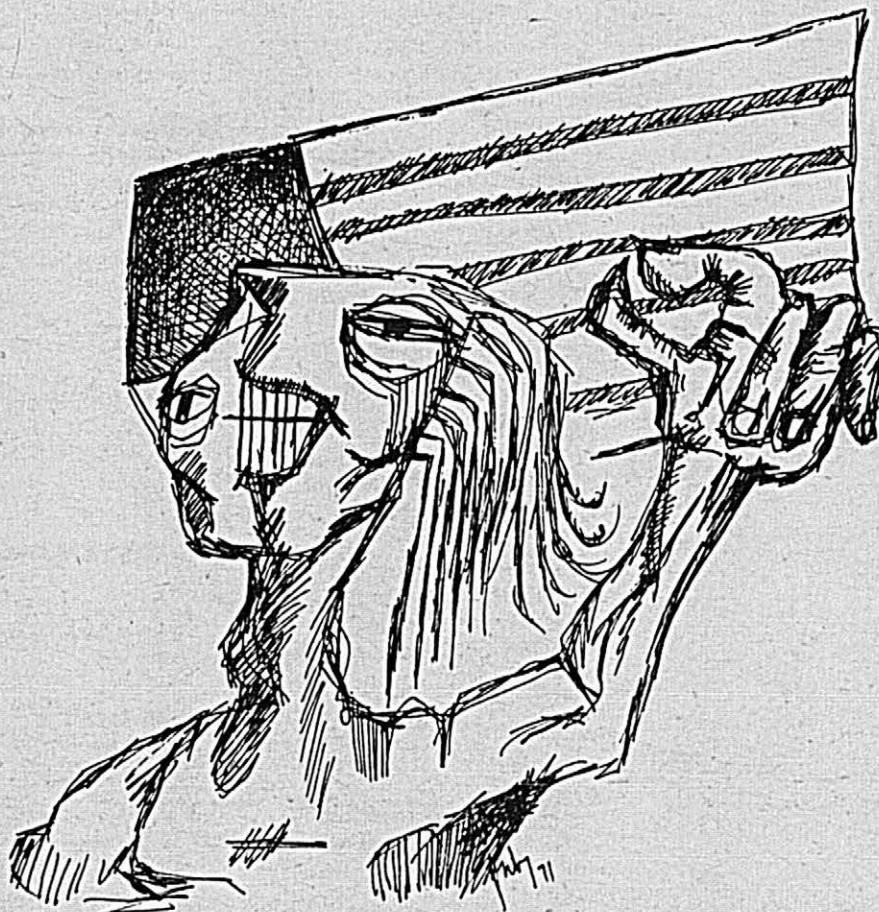
There is a standard way in which a lot of judges, D.A.'s and lawyers handle cases. For most people in trouble with the law who can't afford a lawyer, the Legal Aid Society handles your case for free. Most of the time they tell you to plead guilty and throw yourself on the mercy of the court. Sometimes the D.A. will make a deal with your lawyer and have you plead guilty to a lesser charge. If you don't have the money to hire competent legal assistance and go to trial, you have no alternative. However, if you decide to go to trial, you are warned that if found guilty you will most likely serve maximum time. I chose to go to trial and was found guilty. Sentencing was put off until a week later, when the final report of the parole officer was in.

Being sentenced in the court is a shattering experience. Mothers, wives, and children wait while the court clerk asks over and over that the court-room be cleared. The same stories are heard again and again from defendants' attorneys making their final plea for leniency. Came from a broken home, family on welfare, had to care for many brothers and sisters, needed by family, etc, etc, etc . . . Ten years!

When you walk out of there you're totally numb, your nervous system is in a state of shock. The energy required to feel anger or fear has been totally depleted — you don't even feel like having a drink.

My day for sentencing arrived. Walking up before the bench I was awakened by the clerk yelling at me to take my hands out of my pockets. The Legal Aid Society lawyer made his final plea and the judge said five years in Rikers Island Correctional Institute. I had made the big time.

Next week: *The State Pen.*





# The Last Spike

by arnold bennett

**The Last Spike: The Great Railway 1881-1885**  
by Pierre Berton  
McClelland and Stewart, 1971  
\$10.00

In *The Last Spike* Pierre Berton answers some of the questions raised in *The National Dream*, his first epic on the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway. There is much valuable information in the book, which is well-documented and researched, and Berton's prose style is certain to appeal to those who are turned off by pretentious longwindedness, overabundant footnoting and columns of statistics. (Scholars can find the notes at the back of the book, where they do not interrupt the flow of the narrative.)

But Berton persists in myth-making, even while his facts and serious analytical state-

rose from the ranks in the tradition of Horatio Alger.

But the facts make it obvious that only a minority can accomplish such a feat and that capitalism cannot work for everyone without exposing its inherent contradictions. When the CPR came to Winnipeg, for example, everyone in the new city engaged in land speculation. Poverty for a time was almost totally absent. Even the class system, so important to Victorians, was in a state of collapse, since even the servants were landowners.

When the boom collapsed, the loan companies reaped most of the benefits. Only five per cent of those who engaged in speculation in Winnipeg emerged with a profit.

And the CPR itself had no interest in promoting "healthy competition." It wanted a monopoly. The company deliberately scrapped the original route

to the profit motive. He points to the desperate state of the CPR's finances as an excuse for most of its abuses. The CPR's directors, such as George Stephen, are portrayed as high-minded, far-seeing nation builders. (Perhaps the directors were not mere profiteers, but they were certainly power-trippers. But in national heroes, megalomania becomes "dynamism.")

Berton's attitude toward the workers who built the railway is ambivalent. He describes their miserable working conditions and deplores their employers' lack of concern for their safety.

He admits that workers were little better than company serfs, and that during the period of the CPR's near-bankruptcy they often went for months without wages. (While the unpaid workers were starving the company directors were assured, of course, of an enormous regular salary.)

The CPR even resorted to what Berton calls "a daring though barbarous gambit," whereby 9000 men were kept at work over the winter in remote areas, paid regularly by cheques that they were unable to cash. These workers ate well, however. General manager W. C. Van Horne believed in keeping his employees well-fed.

But Van Horne, who, Berton asserts, preferred the company of the workers to that of his fellow bigshots, was an implacable opponent of unions. He fired all union organizers automatically.

And Berton, while sympathetic to the grievances which caused several strikes by CPR workers, breathes an almost audible sigh of relief when his heroes force a settlement, whether by intimidation or by the use of the police. The great unifying "national dream" must go through.

Berton is more sympathetic to the plight of the Chinese workers on the CPR, who were victims of racism as well as of economic exploitation. The Chinese were used as cheap labour and strikebreakers by the contractors, and consequently were resented by the "Aryan population." (Sir John A. MacDonald's phrase.)

Gross as the exploitation was when it involved white and Chinese workers, it surpassed itself in the case of ten Indians "hired" for an expedition. The Indians were warned that anyone whose work was unsatisfactory would forfeit his wages and receive 100 lashes from his chief. The lost earnings would go to the church, so the parish priest was all too willing to sanction the barbaric scheme. However, all ten men were paid.

The concept of a transcontinental railway was an obsession with MacDonald. It appears to be the same with the author, who apologizes for such illiberal acts of the CPR as controlling the press and its employees' votes. The same acts by the CPR's rival, the Grand Trunk Railway, are condemned in much stronger terms.

Finally, Berton strongly condemns the MacDonald government for its betrayal of the Indians and Metis. He even makes an attempt to elevate Metis leader Gabriel Dumont to the pantheon along with the

builders of the CPR.

But after expressing a vague regret for the passing of the Indian way of life, he expounds on the heroic saga of the expedition sent to crush the Northwest Rebellion of 1885. The railway saved itself from bankruptcy by acting as an instrument of repression, but the fate of the railway seems to be Berton's primary preoccupation, as it was throughout the course of the book. The nation the CPR created was founded in repression and exploitation, and the CPR was foremost among the exploiters, but these facts are of secondary importance. The myth comes first.

"Transportation policy is closely tied to economic plan-

ning," Jean Marchand, former president of the Confederation of National Trade Unions, said in 1961. "As such it must be linked to the common good and not the profitability of private enterprise."

Even if the CPR was fighting for its life in the 1880's, it certainly is not now. Its directors' policy of putting profits before public responsibility certainly should not rank them among Jean Marchand's favorite people.

But the CPR is doing its best to phase out its passenger service on the grounds of "unprofitability." So when the company finally gives us all the last spike, remember: it's all in the name of the national dream.



ments contradict the picture he tries to present of the powers-that-were in the CPR. The "great railway" is definitely the "hero" of Berton's book. The CPR is necessary to unite Canada, and therefore the end justifies the means. Such "incidental" as monopolist exploitation, political corruption and the destruction of the Indian and Metis way of life are to be deplored, maybe even condemned. But they cannot be allowed to stand in the way of the march of "civilization."

Berton is a good liberal, and his book is not a "company history," so his myth-making does not entail the distortion or omission of facts. Most of the available facts are there, but it is sometimes necessary to look for them behind the larger-than-life portraits of the "great men" of the times.

Berton himself admits that the CPR did not open all its files to him. The company claimed that "it would not be in the public interest to make such documents available." The author, of course, disagrees vigorously with the CPR's assertion.

One myth that Berton seeks to perpetuate is that of the basic virtue of the free enterprise system, even in the face of the abuse of that system's "principles" by individuals. He portrays the financial kingpins of the CPR as self-made men who

which it had planned at immense cost; rather it chose to bypass established communities in the interest of greater land profits. The Western settlers were not consulted in the planning of new towns. It goes without saying that no-one even thought of consulting the Indians and Metis.

Some of the new prairie towns were totally controlled by the railway. Others, where rival interests too powerful to ignore were already established, went through bizarre birth pangs.

The governor-general of the Northwest Territories set up his headquarters in the as yet non-existent city of Regina, hoping to make a profit on land speculation. The CPR deliberately located its station two miles away, and the handful of settlers was put to considerable inconvenience.

After it had established its monopoly the company tried to alter its ruthless image. In a paternalistic way, it was nice to the farmers and immigrants who would provide its future traffic, and its propagandists spread "the gospel of the omnipotent, generous company." But for the most part CPR "generosity" confined itself to such trivialities as the free transportation to Winnipeg of the baggage of a church ladies' aid society.

Berton does not, however, ex-

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## Carnal Knowledge

by Michael Terrin

*Carnal Knowledge*  
at the Westmount  
admission \$2.25

First, let's say some good things about *Carnal Knowledge*—Lord knows there are few enough of them.

Candice Bergen (Susan) and Ann Margaret (Bobbie) give *Vir-tuoso* performances. They're convincing and sympathetic eye-fuls. No easy job in this film.

The props boys found back issues of *Ladies Home Journal* and *Vogue* each with cover girls wearing heavy red lipstick, and a *New York Times Sunday Magazine* with a black and white photo on the cover.

The film library found a film clip of Broadway with the Astor Hotel and of Park Avenue without the Pan Am building—both for backprojection.

Kudos to them all.

Jack Nicholson (Jonathan) has one stunning temper tantrum just like the one he had in *Five Easy Pieces*. He also gets to put on a pleasant, confused act just as he did in *Easy Rider*. Someone should kick director Mike Nichols in the ass for failing to make Nicholson deliver more.

*Carnal Knowledge's* main weakness is Nichols' directing. You'd think he would have learned from seeing *2001* that there's a difference between portraying boredom to your audience and boring your audience. He didn't. Or at least he couldn't explain to Arthur Garfunkel (Sandy) the difference between playing a schmuck and being a schmuck.

A poor screenplay aggravates Nichols' directing. Sandy is a sexual inept, a social inept, a mental inept... every kind of inept you can imagine. But in Jules Feiffer's story, he marries Susan and grows up to be an unusually wealthy doctor. We get

no explanation of why Susan, a knock-out of a girl with ambition, poise, charm, wit, and beauty, marries that clunk. Worse yet, we never get a glimpse of their married life. We never even see her again; halfway through the film, its most appealing character vanishes. What the Hell happens to her?

If some of the dialogue sounds familiar to you, it's because you've probably met all the lines' brothers and sisters in Feiffer's cartoons in *The Village Voice* and *Playboy*. Worse than lifting dialogue straight out of comics, Feiffer and Nichols open a half dozen scenes with frames lifted straight out of comics: the screen fills with Sandy's or Jonathan's face; with no particular expression the face explains its problems to an unseen observer (Jonathan or Sandy). Superficially this technique looks like *cinema vérité*, but it's a disorienting bore.

For those bores among you who have to talk about flicks at cocktail parties: at the end of the film (and their friendship) Jonathan finally tells Sandy what he should have told him at the beginning of the film (and their friendship), "Sandy, you're a schmuck." Also, there's a clever parallelism between the film's girls and American development. Susan is a period piece of the early fifties, as Bobbie is of the early sixties etc. To make sure nobody misses this, Nichols gives Jonathan a chance to review all his girls in a slide-show at the film's end. Perhaps all Nichols wanted *Carnal Knowledge* to be was "A Pictorial Documentary of American History from 1950 to 1970 as seen in its Women." Pretty heavy for a male chauvinist pig Nichols' age. And not worth standing in line in Westmount for.



The lights dim, the crowd falls silent for a moment. Then they begin to boo with great gusto as a man enters dressed in a black tailcoat with red sequin trim. He snarls back at the crowd, he taunts and threatens them. Simon Legree, perhaps? But this is no melodrama, it is *la lutte* — professional wrestling — although that distinction is not always clear.

Both men are now in the ring. The first man, whose name is André Proulx, is introduced. He appears crestfallen when the crowd again responds with boos. Lionel Robert acknowledges their applause with a modest wave after his introduction.

The match begins. It soon becomes obvious that Proulx does not intend to conduct himself as a gentleman. He repeatedly chokes Robert, attempts to gouge out his eyes, jumps on his head from the topmost rope, and generally metes out a beating that would kill several ordinary men. Robert is, admittedly, not in good shape. He is dazed, his coordination is going. As Proulx becomes more and more confident of his mastery of the situation, his cheating becomes more blatant. The crowd is reaching a state of near-frenzy. Their cries of encouragement (for Robert) and outrage (against Proulx) grow louder. There seems to be no hope. Proulx has Robert pinned to the mat.

Then suddenly, Robert slaps his hand against the mat in a gesture that says, "That's all I can stand, 'cause I can't stand no more!" He leaps up, throwing Proulx off his back, and unleashes a stunning series of flying dropkicks, flips, throws, and an occasional left jab. In a matter of moments, Proulx is reeling. The crowd's elation is orgasmic. Robert seems almost to be flying around the

# La Lutte

by Gene Allen  
and John Crenson

ring, so fast are his motions, so sudden and true his blows. Proulx clings to the ropes, on his knees, pleading with Robert for mercy. Robert looks to the crowd for a referendum, and in so doing lets his attention leave the sly Proulx for a moment. This proves to be a fatal error.

Proulx grabs Robert's leg and pulls it out from under him. Robert falls heavily onto his back, and Proulx, pressing his ill-gotten advantage, leaps atop him. They struggle for a few moments, and Proulx lifts Robert over his head and throws him out of the ring. Robert tries manfully, but cannot get back into the ring before the referee counts ten.

So the pattern for the rest of the evening is established. The fights are not so much man against man as they are good against evil. Sometimes the hero wins, sometimes the villain.



The fans at Paul Sauvé Arena this Monday evening defy characterization. A woman struggles with middle age and her small son in a ringside seat. She leaps up about every ten minutes to abuse the villain of the moment in a voice similar to the sound of fingernails being raked across a blackboard. The other fans cheer the most violent and imaginative outbursts. A young man, hopelessly drunk, and bearing a striking resemblance to an overgrown ferret shakes his fist and offers challenges.

All the while, the action in the ring continues. A succession of caricatures come forth to sweat, struggle, grunt, cower, explode in righteous wrath, win and lose. There is Abdullah the Butcher, a 260-pound Arab, who brings a prayer mat into the ring with him and prays to the east before the match begins. He is

fighting Pepe Villa, a cuncy Mexican. Pepe is eventually laid low by a series of what can only be described as "head-bonks"; Abdullah bashing his great, shaved head against Pepe's forehead until the latter falls to the mat, apparently unconscious.

There are also tag-team, or "combat equipe" matches. There are two men on each team; only one fights at a time, and must tag his partner's hand to be replaced. As in the other fights, the rules are not strictly adhered to. The particular charm of a tag-team match is the greater scope allowed for cheating. The man who is waiting, for instance, can hold his opponent against the ropes from outside the ring, while his partner inside the ring delivers an unmerciful beating.

The first tag-team match of the evening pitted Paul Leduc and André Lamequin against Chen Lee and Sugi Sito. Leduc enters the ring wearing a woollen touque, a lumberjack's coat, blue jeans, a silver-studded belt, and heavy work boots. Lamequin is dark and good-looking with wavy black hair. Their opponents wear silk mandarin robes, sandals, and green-and-yellow tights.

There are moments of high drama in the fight, as when Sugi Sito has Lamequin pinned to the mat. Leduc, waiting in his corner, undergoes a serious moral dilemma — should he breach the rules and enter the ring to help his partner, as the mandarins have already done several times? The crowd sees him agonizing, and shouts encouragement. There is not much time left; the noise increases; the tension builds; is there no release in sight? Leduc makes his decision, charges into the ring, and stamps on Sito's back until he releases his hold on Lamequin. The crowd does not sigh, but screams its relief. (The match, parenthetically, ends in a draw.)



by Michael Boone

So you're hungry, eh kid? 'Cept you don't have much money or time. Well, as a public service we'll turn you on to a few joints where you can get your face suffed at minimal expenditure. One will note the omission of taverns but they will be dealt with in the Drink section. It's safe to say that they all have good food and are cheap.

We'll start at rock bottom with the Union (University Centre to the jive-ass). If Mom whipped you up some sandwiches and you're looking for a place to set, I can recommend the Union chairs and Coke machine without qualification. If you plan to buy your lunch, that's a horse of a different feather. At this stage of the season it would be premature to condemn Union food but an ounce of prevention etc. Victor Loewy, who spent his summer in charge of Quality Control for Bon Vivant soups, assures all and sundry that Union food will be "vastly improved this year" (likewise Granny's arthritis and the Pittsburgh Penguins). Past experience, however, dictates that we rate the Union cafeteria "R" which means restricted: only students raised on Mulligan stew in furnished rooms by old men with pee stains on their underwear will really get off on Union food.

The Grease is on Milton just east of University. The food ain't bad and Leonard Cohen used to eat there when he lived on Aylmer. If you're short on money and long on stamina, Wilensky's at the corner of Fairmount and Clark, is a groovy place. You can get a delicious sandwich called a "Wilensky's Special" and an old-fashioned syrup and soda drink for about half a buck. If your legs fail you on the way to Wilensky's, you might want to settle for a couple of steamed hot dogs on the Main. For a late night snack, nothing beats Silver Amusements, on St. Lawrence below Ste Catherine. Here you can eat steamies 'til you're sick for less than a dollar, gaze at naughty pictures of 1956 cuties for a nickel, play pinball for a dime and just generally have a helluva time. You'll be rubbing elbows with broken men of all ages.

While on the subject of bizarre nocturnal entertainments, nobody should miss the show at Ben's. The problem is that everyone has heard about "the show at Ben's." There is a grave danger that "the show at Ben's" will become hundreds of Joe College types seeking a show. This would be very dreary indeed. As a precautionary measure, you should go to Ben's alone or in small groups and don't tell anyone you're going. If you're into delicatessens, Dankoff's is nice and Dunn's strawberry cheesecake is a little bit a teenage heaven right here on earth.

This list is highly incomplete. The reader is invited to experiment at his own risk. There are literally hundreds of restaurants in the downtown area and most are good, if a bit expensive. Your best bet for eating cheaply and well is to learn to cook.

Under the new liquor laws, there will

be a number of places which serve draft beer to men and women. This does not mean that women will be allowed in taverns. This is a pity because it deprives women of a place where they can watch wrestling on TV, fart and belch with no fear of censure, and mutter five word sentences in which four of the words are "cocksucker." Taverns are basically dull but can't be beat for a cheap drunk and good food. The Henri Richard tavern on Park Avenue is particularly excellent. The Pocket himself is often there and you can pester him about a wide variety of topics, ranging from hockey to hockey. If his elder brother is there, mind your manners.

Several of the bars downtown have a "happy hour", usually from 5 to 6, when you can get two drinks for the price of one. Le Chat Noir, "the Cat" to the maudits anglais, has twofers from 5 to 6. It's on Sherbrooke corner Ste. Famille and has the best juke box east of Stanley Street. If features beautiful women, beautiful men and an opportunity to improve your French.

The worst juke box in the city is in the Swiss Hut, but in the context of the Hut, music is irrelevant. Once a favorite among separatists and political heads in general, the Hut has slipped over the past year and has become a den of hippies, dealers, and other bores and undesirables. The Hut is cheap and near campus, but it's sinking fast.

If you like to dance, but your clothes aren't nice enough for Crescent Street, you might want to check out the Seven Steps on Stanley. Ask for Butch and buy him a drink. If you have any quaint, old-fashioned theories about black people, keep them to yourself. Farther down on Stanley you'll find the Esquire Show Bar,



which gets the occasional good act. The Rendez-Vous Bar is part of the Esquire and is something of a bargain centre. If you know the right people, you can get a color TV so cheap it's almost a steal.

Everyone knows Crescent Street. There are lots of bars and you're bound to find one that you dig. The whole scene is a little too hot-pants and nail-polishy for my tastes but the bars are always mobbed so they're doing something right. The Boiler Room has an outstanding juke box.

All the following have their merits: The Annex, The Bistro, The Boulevard de Paris, The Harlem, Rockhead's, and the Hawaiian Lounge.

You can smoke dope in some of the bars downtown. If they don't let you smoke in the bar, there's usually an alley or something nearby. Any raids are usually for under-age drinkers. If it's a bust you'll have time to hide your stash, unless you're carrying pounds. If you're carrying pounds, may the Lord have mercy on your capitalistic little soul.

A word of caution: there have been a few shootings in the bars this summer. Should violence erupt, speak softly and carry track shoes.



# THE FUNNIES

## THE NEW, UNEXPURGATED ADVENTURES OF GOD

DIS IS MY  
STORY...  
SOME DAY IT'S  
GONNA MAKE  
A GOOD BOOK!



In the beginning there was God... And he was bored... So being an ingenious young god, God took up as a hobby... Cheating things. First he took up painting, and he created the sky and it was blue. But he became bored with painting, so he left half black. Then he got into light shows and he created the sun, the moon, the planets & the stars. Then he became bored again, so he took up kinetic sculpture, and he created a major piece — the Earth. And he filled it with millions of living things... And to rule the earth, God created one creature superior to all others...

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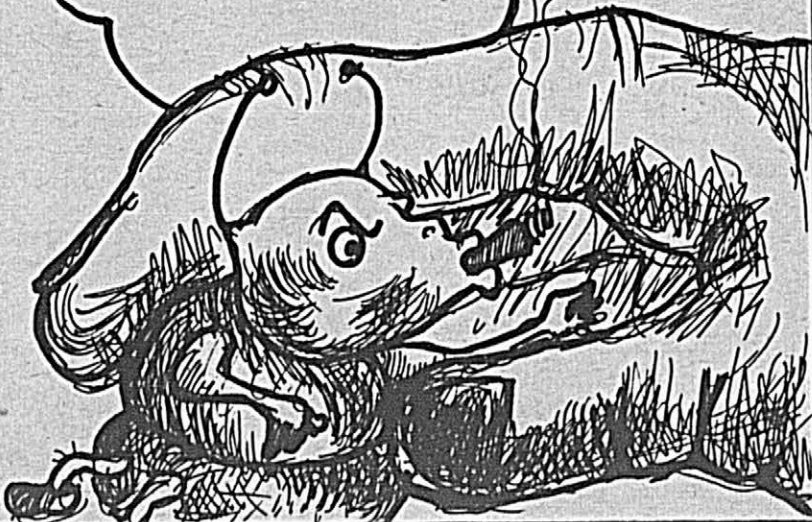
DIS IS MY FINEST  
CREATION... DIS CREATURE  
IS SO WONDERFUL, I  
COULD HARDLY DESCRIBE  
IT... DIS CREATURE  
WILL BE THE  
RULING  
CREATURE  
OF  
ALL  
DE  
WHOLE  
EARTH!



IT CAN LIVE IN ANY CLIMATE...  
AND EATS ALMOST  
ANYTHING...  
IT WILL MULTIPLY  
AND SPREAD  
SO DAT  
SOME DAY  
ITS ANCESTORS  
WILL BE AS  
PLENTIFUL AS DE  
STARS IN DE  
SKY... AND NO  
ONE WILL  
EVER BE ABLE  
TO CHALLENGE  
ITS SUPREMACY  
...



I CALL IT DA  
"COCK-A-ROACH!"



... BUT DIS RULING CREATURE  
SOUNDS TOO GOOD... SOMEDAY,  
HE MIGHT BE  
COMPETITION  
FOR ME...  
MAYBE I  
SHOULD  
MAKE  
SOMETHING  
JUST  
A LITTLE  
BIT WEAKER  
TO RULE  
OVER  
DE EARTH!



TO BE CONTINUED:



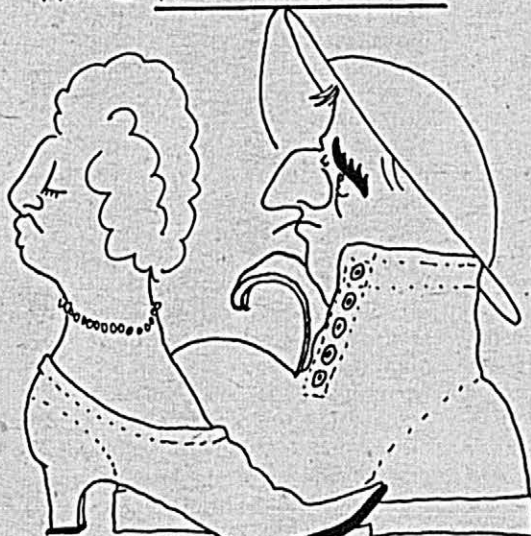
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BY  
BRIAN  
SEGAL  
©1971

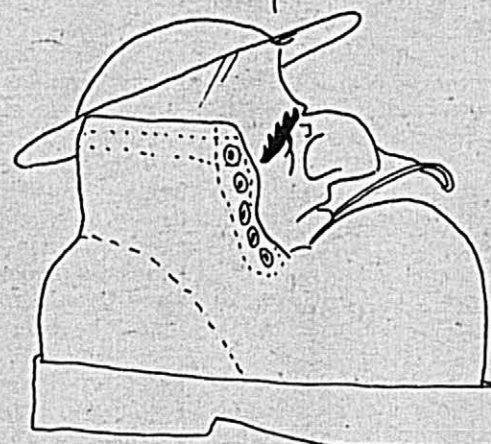
FELIX, MY DEAR,  
YOU ARE SUCH A  
HOPELESS **PARANOID!**



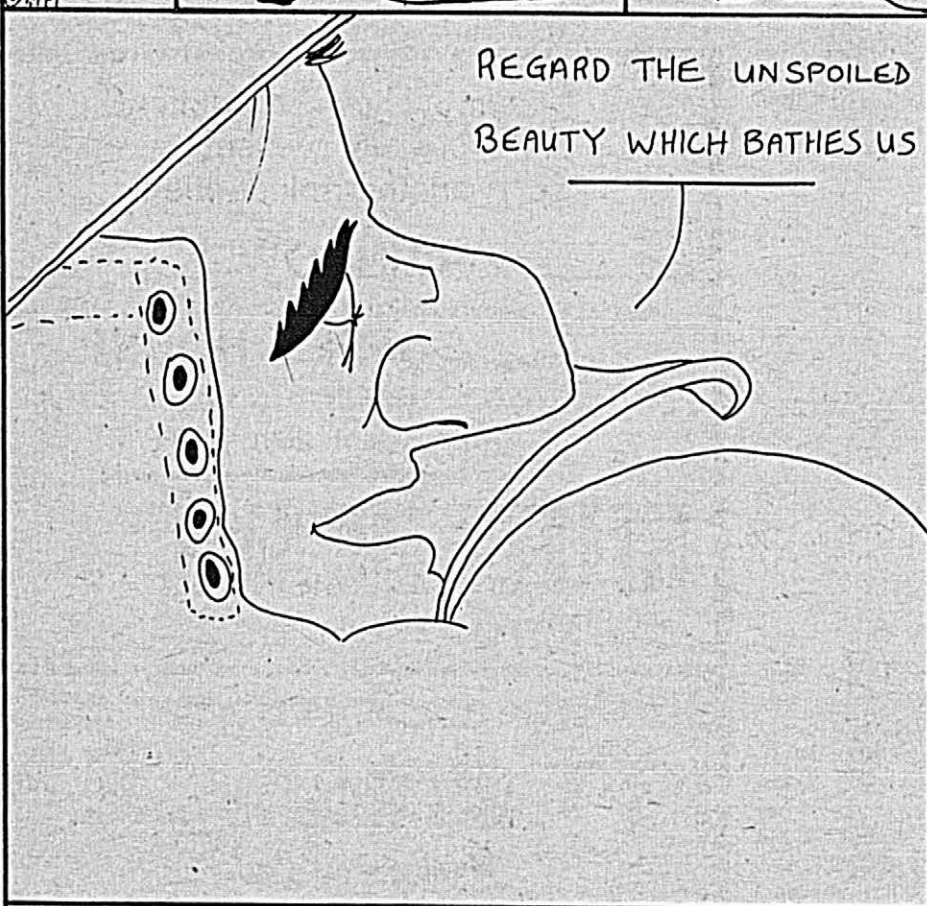
EMILY, ACCORDING TO THE  
CENTRAL DIVERSE EXTRA  
UNI-QUALIFIED THEORY OF  
MOTOR RESPONSES YOU MAY  
HAVE A POINT - **BUT...**



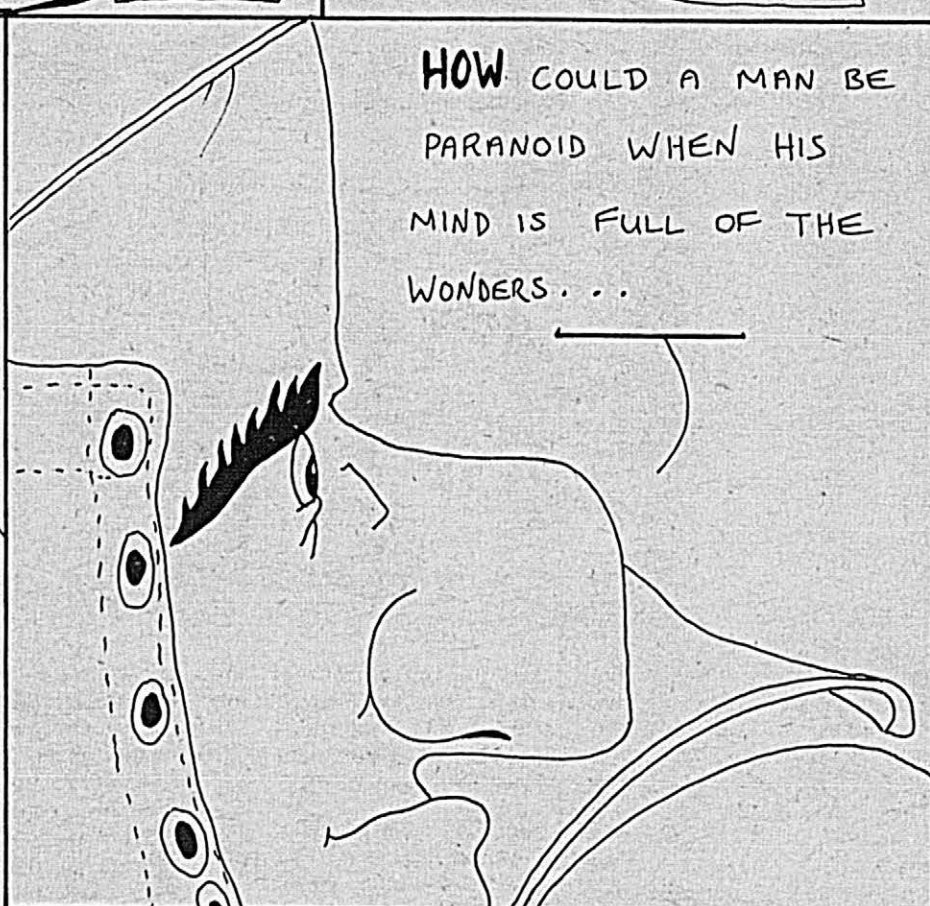
LOOK AT THE WORLD!  
LOOK AROUND US! LOOK  
AT OUR MAGNIFICENT  
CULTURE - **LOOK!!!**



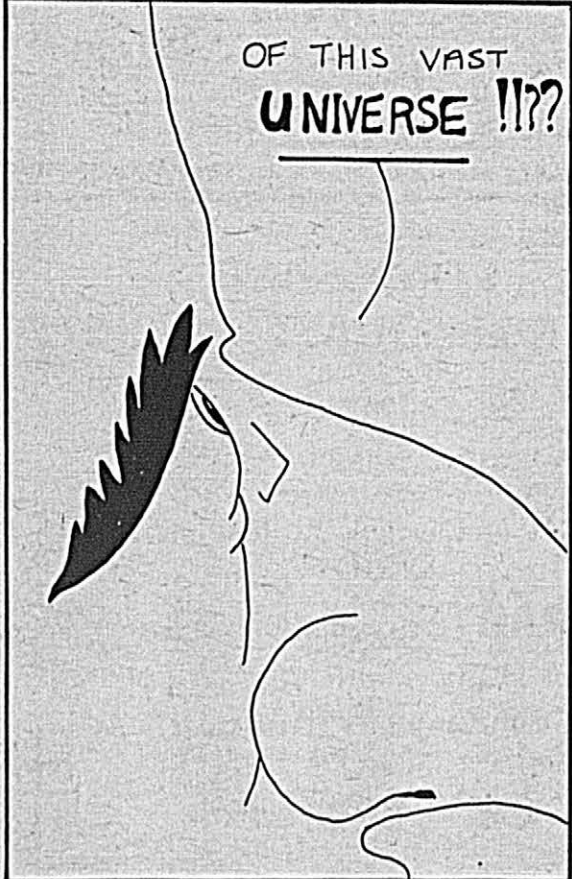
REGARD THE UNSPOILED  
BEAUTY WHICH BATHES US



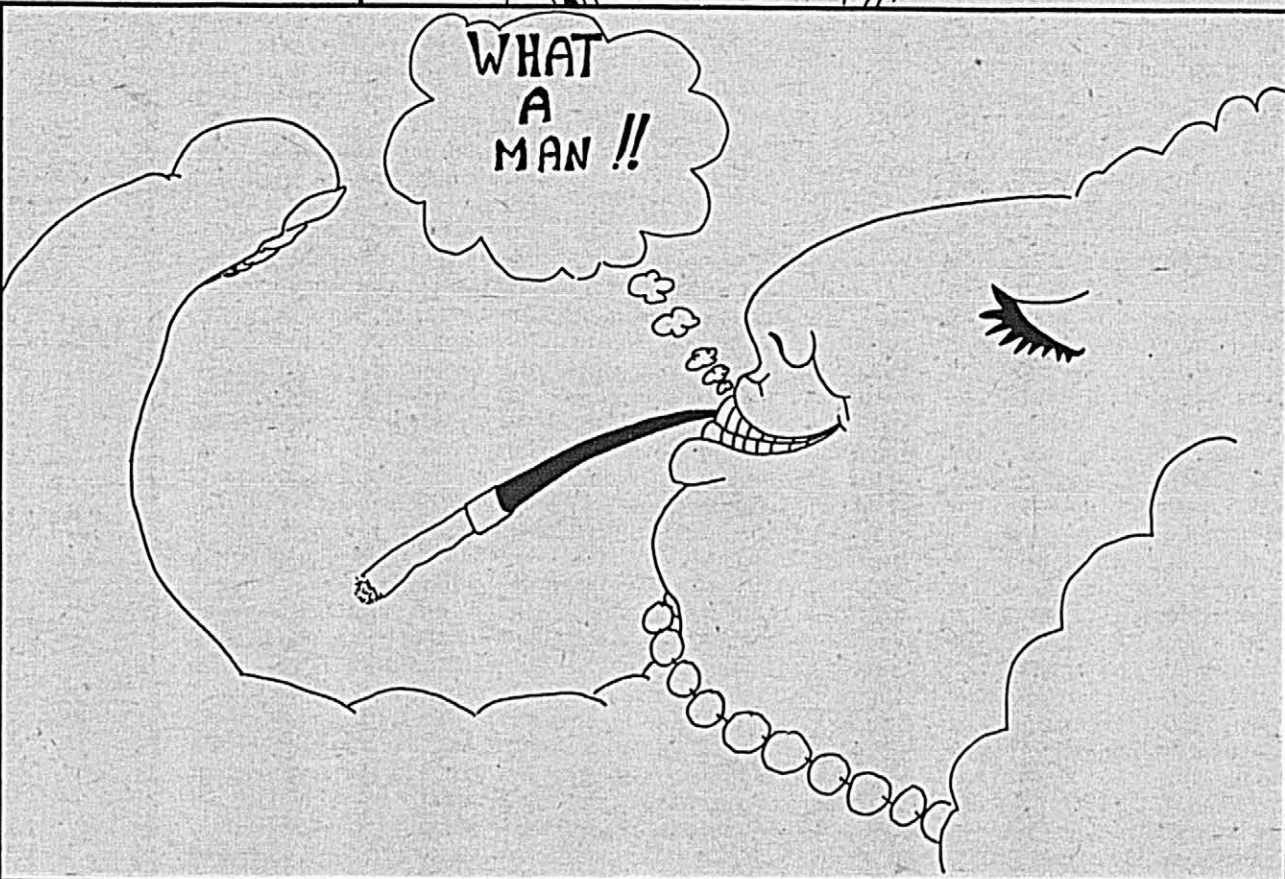
**HOW** COULD A MAN BE  
PARANOID WHEN HIS  
MIND IS FULL OF THE  
WONDERS...



OF THIS VAST  
**UNIVERSE !!!?**



**WHAT  
A  
MAN !!**





# Panic in Needle Park

The Panic in  
Needle Park  
reviewed by:  
Norman Spector

*The Panic in Needle Park* is not an anti-drug film, as that appellation has come to be used. Certainly, there are very few people who, after having seen it, would shoot up. With equal certainty, however, it is not the type of film that would make the rounds of high schools, the one that is followed by the now traditional discussion starring a psychologist and a policeman, before a rather bored assembly of students. For the film is nothing less than a condemnation of a society now approaching a rather advanced state of decay; it is the story of the impossibility of love among the losers in such a society.

Sherman Square in New York is known as Needle Park, because it is the hangout of a

panic changes all—an addict in trouble is too caught up in his own needs to love, and Helen, in a desperate attempt to bridge the gap, goes the way of the needle. The habit is expensive and Bobby takes to burglary, which ends in a bust. Deprived of his support, Helen becomes a hooker, and is arrested several times, each time to be let off by a super-good Ivy League type cop, who wants her to rat on Bobby in return. Her alternative is the House of Detention for Women.

There are scenes of extreme power in the film. Escape from their lives as addicts is a constantly recurring theme of Bobby and Helen's conversations. And the solution proposed is a very American one—the Frontier. The country is their desire. At one point Helen suggests that they move from Needle Park, but Bobby says that it's his home and they will stay. Indeed escape is impossible—Helen's former boyfriend asks her whether she wants to give it up,

can be made of the otherwise first-rate photography is that the use of tungsten, which has the effect of making the outdoors look blue, severely distorts the New York mood.

It is not easy to miss the point of the film, but Jacob Siskind of the *Gazette* seems to have done so with considerable accomplishment. He writes that "The two central figures are born losers, people who think they have it made, or who expect to find easy street just around the next corner." Siskind is apparently motivated by his peevishness at the way things are going these days, for he goes on to make some rather derogatory comments about freaks, and warns his readers that they can actually catch sight of some of them when they come out of the theatre. Siskind seeks to revive the Protestant Ethic, and makes the rather dubious argument that the losers are on the bottom because of their non-industriousness and sloth.

In truth, the problem of Bobby



society of junkies. Times are not normal for the addicts—smack is not easy to come by. The dealers, following the best precepts of American private enterprise, have all gone down to Florida, cutting off the supply and thereby driving up prices on the little that is available. To compound their problems, it is in just such a situation that the police put the heat on, for they know that an addict in trouble, away from his lifeline, will always rat. The director, Jerry Schatzberg, takes us into this demi-monde and shows us what it can be like to live through such a period.

Against the backdrop of this world Bobby, flawlessly played by Al Pacino hooks up with Helen, played by Kitty Winn, who looks and talks like a woman you and I could ask for a date and conveys a beauty of soul which gives the impression that she might even accept. Bobby is a child of New York, which means he lives in and off the streets, comes across as Jewish even though he's Italian (You don't have to be Jewish to . . .) and knows the face of loneliness. Helen is a true daughter of Middle America, turned off by the sterility of that life, and corrupted by the City. They love and are capable of great tenderness and devotion amidst the anomie of New York. The

and she answers that she doesn't. She, too is unalterably committed to Needle Park. The circle is closed, and there is not a glimmer of optimism.

Not even love provides a ray of hope in this world. The heat put on by the cops, the inability of the addict to transcend his self, and the capitalism of the junk distribution system combine to entangle the lovers in a web of betrayal and devotion, love and hate; the web is not a temporary thing and only the biggest high of all, death, marks its end.

The director obviously has a sensitive grasp of life in the City. There are scenes of staring up armpits on the subway, scenes of the various forms which the wastage of life takes in New York—the pimp dressed in the pink suit shaking down the whore, prostitutes just barely getting the baby out of the way in time for the next trick, the terrifying desperation of the heroin crash; the extremely effective use of out-of-focus backgrounds to capture the essential facelessness of people on the streets; all these against a back-drop of garbage-hewn streets and dilapidated tenements give this film a terrorizing yet irresistible reality, best exemplified by the considerable detail in which shooting up is captured. The only criticism that

and Helen, and of an estimated 600,000 other denizens of the Naked City, can be attributed neither to their character structures nor to their genetic make-ups. The problem is the structure of American society. For the junkies are not the ones who see easy street around the next corner; for them life is a series of never-ending catastrophes. It is the rich who see life in this way, and on their part it is indeed an accurate perception, for in America, the winners take all. The problem of America is one of a society which cannot afford to maintain a sufficient number of Methadone treatment centres, while at the same time supports the most costly imperial venture in history. More fundamentally, the problem is one of a society based on death and not on life, a society which is prepared to accommodate the blatant contrasts of wealth and poverty, of beauty and ugliness which co-exist on the precipice that is New York City. And the problem of America is one of trying to slough off these problems as individual in nature and in solution (President Nixon tells American workers to work harder, to raise productivity, to re-establish the authority of the family, etc.) and to sweep under the carpet the knowledge that what is really required is a radical restructuring of American society.

An Open Invitation  
to All Students  
to participate in a free discussion  
led by

Rabbi Arthur Gilbert

Associate Professor at Marymount Manhattan College  
Dean of Students, Reconstructionist Rabbinical College

on Yom Kippur afternoon  
2 to 4 p.m.  
at the Reconstructionist Synagogue

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Phi Kappa Pi (Red door)

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Sunday, Sept. 26th, 1971.

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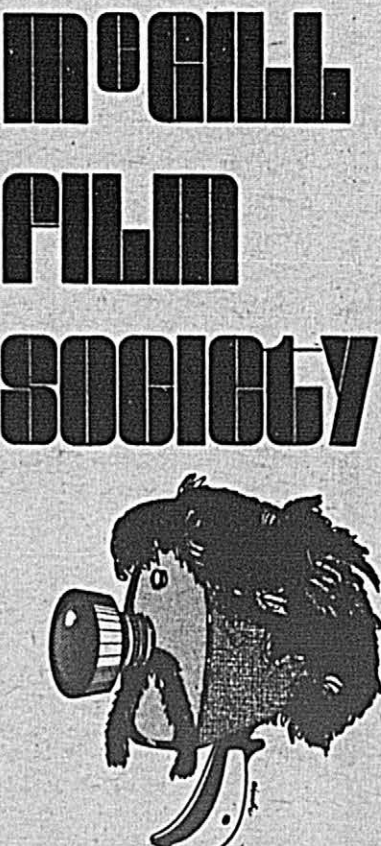
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